

Pr. Eugene's

*Eugene (i.e. Francois Eugene) of Savoy Prince*

Catechism

CONCERNING

A General Peace.



L O N D O N,

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Prince EUGENE's

# CATECHISM



Concerning a

## General Peace.

**Quest.** *P*ray, what think you of the present Discourse of Peace, is there any reality in it? Or, is it a French Whim, or a Dutch Sham to amuze the World with?

*Ans.* I am as little acquainted with French Whims and Dutch Shams, as an old Miser with Charity, or an old Whore with Modesty; but nevertheless, a Body may guess by the Market-Folks, how the Market goes. And if I must needs speak the Truth and shame the Devil, I believe there's no Body (in their Sences) but had rather have Peace than War, Plenty than Poverty, Riches than Ruin, whatever they pretend to the contrary.

**Quest.** *I* know Peace is a desirable Jewel, and happy are they that enjoy it; but this Blessing has been such a stranger to us, that I am afraid it has forgotten these parts of the World.

*Ans.* I hope not, for since the present War has been absolutely necessary, as well as unavoidable, I suppose no true Britain can reasonably complain of the Consequences thereof; We have beaten our Enemies, quell'd Monsters, and humbled Tyrants; and

If these Performances does not procure us a lasting Peace I don't know what will.

Quest. I know we have done great Things the last Campaign in Flanders; the Particulars being too many to repeat here; but as the first Ground of this War proceeded from the Spanish Kingdom's falling into the Clutches of the House of Burbone, I could heartily wish our Endeavours (Successful) in recovering it out of the Hands of those, (who I fear) have got but too strong Footing there.

Ans. You talk as if you knew nothing of the Affairs of War; for 'tis certain, every Blow we give the French in Flanders shake the whole Foundation of the Spanish Monarchy, and another such Campaign as the last was, will bring both Lewis and Philip down on their Marrow-Bones with a Vengeance to 'em.

Quest. But Sir, by your Favour, how if Ticklish-Fate should turn her Back, and instead of continuing her Smiles, which she has lately afforded us, (nothing being certain on this side the Grave) should at last frown upon us, and show us her angry Countenance, what will you then say to the War?

Ans. Say to't, why the same that I do now; do you think English Courage and Bravery takes any Umbrage at Mather Shipton's Wheel of Fortune; or Partridge's Opinion of the Stars? No, Prince Eugene Conquers in spite of Fate: 'Tis an old, as well as true Maxim, That Fortune favours the Braver us; not the timorous poor spirited Cowards a brave General makes his Fortune with his Sword, and not with his Book. A good Cause and a good Courage has no occasion to Court a blind Goddess for Success; the last Campaign sufficiently proves this Doctrine, were not the French more Numerous, in possession of the best Posts and Garrisons? On the contrary, was not the Allies employ'd in a tedious difficult and dangerous Siege, and even depriv'd (to all Human appearance) of all manner of Subsistence, the Enemies being Masters of all the Passes they could wish for, that were Fortify'd



as Time, Art, and Industry could make them; insomuch, that they gave out, that the whole Confederate Army were as good as taken Prisoners of War; and yet after all this, and much more which Fortune, (as you call it) seem'd to favour them with, the Bold and Brave Generals Prince *Eugene* and his Partner the Duke of *Marborough*, in spite of Fate, drove them from the Fortified Banks of the *Scheld*, recover'd *Prussels* almost lost, add afterwards *Ghent* and *Bruges*, too, and this almost without striking a Stroke; and pray you where was Dame Fortune all all this while?

*Quest.* Well, but I hope you don't deny an over-ruling Providence, do you?

*Ans.* No, God forbid; but I wou'd have no Body depend too much upon Chance and good Fortune, for 'tis vigorous and hearty Endeavours that must do the Business; I know there is an old Proverb that lays, Give a Man Luck and throw him into the Sea, but I would be loth to try the Experiment to verifie it.

*Quest.* I see you are no downrights Atheist, tho you deny Chance and Fortune. But I would be glad to be resolved when those happy Days of Peace we so much wish for, will commence?

*Ans.* Not untill his most Christian Turkship is soundly Mauld with the Confederate Club, and beaten from Rage to Reason, and from Pride to humility?

*Quest.* Pray tell me as near as you can guess, when that will be?

*Ans.* This very Campaign, I'll warrant you, the great *Eugene* and the unparalled'd *Marborough* will do his Business for him, as sure as the Gout, Fistula, Stone, and Pox, has disabled him from the Pleasures of the Placket——his Generals and Soldiers too, being a parcel of pitiful, nasty Scandereons, and are no more able to encounter with true Blew Englishmen, than an old superannuated Leacher of Four score can grapple between the Sheets with a young Girl of Sixteen.

*Quest.*

*Quest.* I am very glad to hear it, tho' I should be much gladder to see an end of the War. But I remember you had the same Opinion of them above a dozen Years ago, and yet they are not all knockt o'th' the Head. Pray, what may be the reason of it?

*Ans.* Because they are too nimble for us; we can kill them no faster than we catch them; we had humbled the Tyrant the last Year, if his Army durst have stood the Tryal of Sword and Musquet; but I'll say that for 'em, and a T——d for 'em, though we have the best Hands, they have the best Heels; and of all the Soldiers in *Christendom*, they are the only Runners; insomuch that if the present Difference between the *French* and *English*, was to be decided by the Heels, instead of the Hands, we might give up the Cause without any further Dispute, and never concern our selves with who is King of *Spain*, or Prince of *Wales*.

*Quest.* If they be such Runners as you talk of, how must we come at them? At this rate we shall never have done, for no sooner do we beat them out of one place, but they'll run into another of ours; this is do and undo with a Witness?

*Ans.* No matter for coming at 'em, if we can but drive 'em out of their own Country; they'll have but little encouragement to plunder others; besides, the French King has more Sense than to hazard his own Crown to keep one upon the Head of another; and therefore, you may assure your self, that a safe and honourable Peace may be as easily obtain'd (after we given him one Brush more) as we can wish for, which no doubt will be accomplish'd betwixt this and *Midsommer* next.

*Quest.* If you are turn'd Propht, I will ask you another Question; Whether the French King will consent to demolish *Dunkirk*, it being the only Harbour he has in his whole Dominion, for the Security of his Shipping, as well as Nation, or will he

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hazard all rather than stoop to such an Article, as will render him the meanest of Monarchs ?

*Ans.* Necessity has no Law, nor force any Exceptions ; Points of Honour must be wav'd, when Lives and Fortunes are at Stake ; Patience per Force, is a Medicine for a Mad Dog, and Kings as well as Cobblers must take it too, when there's pressing Occasion, though never so much against Stomach. *Dunkirk* ( though a strong Harbour ) had better be laid in Ashes, if required, than the whole Nation of *France* Ruined : Nay, he'll part with twenty *Dunkirks* before he'll surrender one Crown, and ten Pretenders before he'll loose one Provence.

*Q.* Well, but are you sure this will be done ?

*Ans.* As sure as Prince *Eugene* has taken *Lisle*, and the Duke of *Marlborough* retaken *Ghent*, and *Bruges* : Nay, 'tis in the Queen's Power to make him do just what she pleases ; her Generals have beaten his Armies over and over, taken his Commanders, ruined his Trade, confounded his Navy, and now brought the Tyrant on his Knees, to beg for that Peace he so willfully and basely broke, so that this great Monarch who boasted not long ago, to give Laws to all *Europe* is at last humbled by a Woman.

*Quest.* 'Tis very Remarkable truly ; but after all I wou'd know what will become of the Electors of *Bavaria* and *Collogn* ? Do you think they'll be restored to their Dominions ?

*A.* That's as Her Majesty and the rest of the Allies shall think fit ; but 'tis my Opinion they will not, because they both assisted the French King against their lawful Sovereign, so that being in actual Rebellion many think 'twill be Unsafe, as well as Imprudent to trust them any more in those Eminent Posts of Honour.

*Quest.* Well, but what must poor *Anjon* be done with, must he pack up his Awls and trudge to *Paris*, or will King *Charles* allow him the Dominions of *Naples* and *Scilly* as a Compensation ?

*Ans.*



*Answ.* Not one bit nor scrap of the *Spanish Monarchy* for *Monsieur Anjou*, unless he'll accept of a little Cottage in the Mountains of *Catalonia*, in order to be whipt once a Week by the enrag'd *Miquelets*, as a Reward for his barbarous Cruelty to them, while he usurp'd the Title of King in those Parts, or go a Nutting with his Brother Majesty the young King of *Clouts* at *St. Germain's*.

*Quest.* 'Tis very hard for a Royal Sovereign of *Spain* to be forced to seek his Fortune in another Kingdom, after his being Crown'd King, and own'd as such, not only by the *Spanish* Grandees, but even by some Potentates that are now lifting him out of his Chair.

*Answ.* No matter for that, if he got his Crown by a Trick of State, he ought by the same Rule to be fetcht out of that State: *Policy goes beyond Strength*, and where the Welfare of all *Europe* is concern'd, I think 'tis but reasonable a Tyrant should be Dethron'd, to make way for an Honest and Rightful King, who has been so long kept out of his own, by a little Gingerbread Son of a B—

*Quest.* But pray, whether will they send the little *Welsh* Kingdom Hunter of *St. Germain's*; I hear he must be Banish'd too out of *France*, I can't imagine what Road he'll take?

*Answ.* The direct beaten Path to *Rome*, there being hardly any room for him any where, but whether his Holiness will admit him into his Sacred Pallace, for fear of disobliging the *Emperor*, with whom he has lately made an Amicable Accommodation, is a Question I expect you will resolve me?

*Answ.* 'Tis not a Pin matter to the *Emperor*, whether the *Pope* receives him or not, for if he is not entertain'd there, he must be some where, unless we could banish him out of the World, and that can't be done by Mortal Man. without murdering him, or by knocking his Brains out in Battle, which is next Door to it.

*Quest.* Now you say something, for *K. Charles* the Second was banish'd *France* to as little purpose, as if he'd stay'd there, for the same Hand gave him Lift to his Throne, though he was sent into another Country to prevent his return.

*Answ.* That was another Case, King *Charles* the Second had a just Right to the Crown, though kept from it by Rebellious Cutthroats; but this is a Pretender who is shut out by a lawful Abjuration, not only on the account of his dubious Birth, but by being brought up in the Principles of Popery, which is directly contrary to the known Laws of the Land, that renders a Papish incapable of wearing the *English* Diadem.

*Quest.* But I hope some care will be taken of the honest *Hungarians*, sure they must not be left in the Lurch, they Fight for Liberty and Property as well as we; Will not they be included in the Articles of Peace?

*Answ.* No doubt but her Majesty will (before the Peace is Ratified) take some care of those distress'd and injur'd People, in order for their Welfare and Preservation, they having been sad Sufferers a long time; and consequently merit our Consideration and Brotherly Compassion as well as the rest of our *Allies* and Protestant Brethren.



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